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chants who are trying to tie their countries together, with the attenuated threads of trade, that British and American Christians are tied together by bonds of brotherhood, strong as the heart-strings of the Son of God, merged in his love, dwelling together in him in the unity of his spirit.

Now is the time to unite Anglo-Saxon Christians in a brotherhood whose moral power shall be felt all over the world. Let, then, the gospel Ministers, on both sides of the Atlantic, arise and shake hands across the ocean. Let not only ecclesiastical greetings be interchanged in printed communications, but letters filled with all the personalities of friendship, conveyed in the hand-writing of a friend. Let Christian men and Ministers pair off, and engage in a personal correspondence on the things that belong to our peace. Every letter thus interchanged, like a weaver's shuttle, will carry across the ocean a silken ligature to bind two kindred hearts, and, through them, two kindred nations. Such a social movement, co-operating with the one I have noticed, would hasten to its consummation the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race, and the period when "nations shall learn war no more."

Worcester, U. S. A.

ELIHU BURRITT.

AN INCIDENT FROM HISTORY. --- FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

War is an evil to all who engage in it, and a sin in those christian nations, who profess to follow the precepts of the Prince of Peace. It is the parent of many miseries. It teaches those to be cruel, whose hearts were formed for sympathy. It is the business of the soldier to cause suffering and death. Yet the religion of the Savior forbids us to harm others, even by the thought of enmity.

On every field of battle, are multitudes covered with wounds, or trampled under the feet of horses, who in infancy and childhood were cherished by a mother's tenderest care. Hearts that loved them, will be in bitterness for their loss, and perhaps, in their desolate homes, may be the voices of young children, lamenting for the father who must return no more.

War makes a country poor, and its inhabitants vicious. It breaks up the pursuits of education, and impedes that industrious cultivation of the earth, by which families and nations prosper. It is not wise to admire those who have delighted in its cruelties. History has often called them heroes, and surrounded them with fame. But it should not be forgotten, that they have lavishly shed blood, and caused sorrows that earth can

never heal. Those only are worthy of praise, who have endeavored to do good to mankind,—and obey the Great Father of all,—whose law is love.

Ancient Rome was an iron-hearted nation, with a never resting sword. Her ambition for conquest knew no bounds. She desired to subjugate all people to her sway. War was her trade, and her pastime. She rose by the sword, and fell by the sword.

Yet she had some rulers who were wise enough to see the policy of peace, though they might not be able to pursue it. Among these, was the last of the Antonines, her seventeenth Emperor. His love of philosophy led him to prefer contemplation for himself, and repose for his people. But their martial spirit, and the times in which he lived forced him on a course with which his nature was at variance. Disorders often arose in distant and tributary provinces, which it was deemed necessary to quell with the sword. The christian intercourse of nations was then unknown. That religion which breathes peace on earth and good will to men, had made but little progress since the hymn of the angels on the plains of Judea.

It was in the year 174, that Marcus Aurelius Antoninus went with the Roman legions, to suppress a rebellion, near the banks of the Danube. While there, contending with tribes called the Quadi and Macromani, he found himself in a wild country, where it was difficult to procure provisions. They began to fear death from famine, and, to add to their sufferings, the weather was exceedingly warm, and no rain had for a long time fallen. The crisp and withering grass scarcely supplied food for their horses. Brooks and streamlets were dried, so that both man and beast suffered distressing thirst. The enemy enclosing them, between the mountains and themselves, strove to prevent them from approaching either fountains or rivers. Still pressing upon them, they tried to force them to battle, while in a weak and perishing condition.

The Romans stood in their ranks, with parched lips, and enfeebled frames. They were almost suffocated with dust, and consumed by thirst and famine, beneath the rays of a burning sun. When the Emperor saw the fierce barbarians drawing nearer and nearer, he had no resource but to apply to his heathen gods. Advancing to the head of his army, he spread forth his hands and cried, "By this hand which hath taken no life away, I desire to appease thee: and I pray unto thee, Oh, Giver of Life."

This was as good a supplication as this heathen emperor knew how to make. His faith had never been taught to rest on the true God, and the blessed Redeemer. A child in one of our Sunday Schools, might know better how to pray in time of trouble, than did this wise prince. He in-

deed held a high rank among Stoic philosophers, but the "world by wisdom knew not God."

It was told Marcus Aurelius, that in the camp was an Egyptian, who said that the gods of his country could give rain. Hastily summoned, the swarthy man came forth, and, at the Emperor's command, commenced his rites of devotion. Bowing his turbaned head to the earth, he invoked Isis, to pour water from her overflowing urn. Becoming excited, he used strong incantations and wild cries, till his features became convulsed with demoniac expression. But in vain. "For can all the vanities of the heathen give rain?—or can the heavens give showers?"

In the Roman army, was a legion of Christian soldiers. Falling on their knees, they with one consent, implored the Almighty for the sake of their dear Savior, to hear and grant relief. Solemnly rose up the voice of their prayers, in that time of great adversity. All around was deep despair,—yet in their lowly hearts was a trust in Him who is mighty to save.

The hour of battle could no longer be delayed. The barbarians rushed on, exulting to see the Romans worn almost to skeletons, and faint with thirst. The war spirit made them more cruel than their own fierce and intractable natures.

Suddenly the skies grew black. A few large drops fell. Then, the precious rain came in torrents. The Romans catching it in their helmets, and the hollow of their shields, were inspired with new strength. While they were moistening their parched lips, the foe attacked them: and blood was mingled with the water that allayed their thirst.

The tempest became terrible, with lightning and thunder echoing from cliff to cliff. The affrighted barbarians, exclaiming that the gods were fighting against them, with fire from heaven, turned and fled.

Marcus Aurelius received this unexpected deliverance, with gratitude. Connecting it in his heart with the Christians, he caused the persecutions of that sect to cease. The events of that day, with other historic memorials, were sculptured on a beautiful marble pillar, still standing at Rome, and known as the Antonine column.

This heathen Emperor who engaged in war, against the dictates of his peaceful nature, was not favored with that light on the subject which has visited our advanced age. No powerful mind had then presented the war spirit in its true aspect, or stripped it of that false glory with which antiquity had invested it. No philosopher had designated it as "an instrument wholly unfit to redress wrongs, and which multiplies, instead of indemnifying losses." No servant of the Prince of Peace, had shown the "incompatibility of the christian character with the heroic." War was then considered a necessary appendage of the condition of man, and ar-

rayed in gorgeous colors to hide its deformity. With us, it need not be so. With a purer creed, a better practice should be established. The unfolding mind should be imbued with the principles of love, and taught the prayer that "wars may cease," as a preparation for that heaven where they cannot come.

SAFETY OF THE PEACE PRINCIPLE.

BY A L A D Y.

On the southern side of the state of Massachusetts, lies the island of Nantucket, comprising a portion, and in the eyes of its inhabitants, no unimportant portion of this commonwealth, being in itself a county, though composed of but one town. The appearance of the island, as we approach its shores is very unattractive; a low, flat, sandy spot, with but little verdure, with no rocks to frown upon the beholder, with scarce a tree to deck the landscape, and with a town composed mostly of wooden buildings, and many of these of the saddened hue which an unpainted house uniformly presents.

Such is the first aspect. You land on its wharves, and at once encounter a large proportion of its male inhabitants, coming not so much to welcome the stranger as to see and hear what the floating bark may have brought them; for it is through these white-winged messengers that they receive all they possess, whether food, fuel, friends, or intelligence. But let not the stranger feel disconcerted at this disclosure; he can scarcely find a spot where he will be of more consequence to the people he visits. If he has aught about him to distinguish him from the common herd, his arrival will in a few hours be passed from mouth to mouth and heads will turn to gaze after him, and bright eyes will be peering through the screen of a green blind to reconnoitre him. If he be of affable manners, he will soon meet with a kindly welcome to their homes; and if he be particularly insinuating, he will ere long be invited to a ride in the calash, a vehicle peculiar to the island; and this he may consider as an act, than which the force of hospitality can no farther go, for here the parties cease to be strangers, and freedom of intercourse henceforth has the ascendant. There is a little fishing village a few miles from the town, called by the Indian name of Siaconset; the resort in summer of many of the principal inhabitants, to them a perfect *sans souci*, not from its elegance, for the houses are small, of one story, with something like defiance of all rules of architecture. But the very circumstance of their size and simple construction affords freedom from care, for who is not aware that there is